

The second part of

Bar. You must away to court sir presently,
A dozen captaines stay at doore for you.

Fal. Pay the musitians sirra, farewell hostesse, farewell Dol,
you see (my good wenches) how men of merit are sought af-
ter, the vnderferuer may sleepe, when the man of action is calld
on, farewell good wenches, if I bee not sent away poste, I will
see you againe ere I goe.

Dol. I cannot speake: if my heart be not ready to burst: wel
sweete Iacke haue a care of thy selfe.

Fal. Farewell, farewell.

exit.

Host. Well, fare thee well, I haue knowne thee these twenty
nine yeares, come peace-cod time, but an honeste, and truer
hearted man: wel fare thee wel.

Bard. Mistris Tere-sheete.

Host. Whats the matter?

Bard. Bid mistris Tere-sheete come to my master.

Host. O runne Doll, runne, runne good Doll, come, she
comes blubberd, yea! will you come Doll?

exunt.

*Enter the King in his night-gowne
alone.*

King Go call the Earles of Surrey and of War.
But ere they come, bid them o're-reade these letters,
And well consider of them, make good speed.
How many thousand of my poorest subiects,
Are at this howre asleepe? ô sleepe! ô gentle sleepe!
Natures soft nurse, how haue I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-liddes downe,
And steep my senses in forgetfulnesse,
Why rather sleepe liest thou in smoaky cribbes,
Vpon vnease pallets stretching thee,
And hush't with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Then in the perfumde chambers of the great,

Vnder

Henry the

Vnder the canopies of costly state
And lulld with sound of sweetest m
O thou dull god, why li'st thou w
In lothsome beds, and leapest the l
A watch-case, or a common larum
Wilt thou vpon the high and gide
Seale vp the ship-boies eies, and n
In cradle of the rude imperious fun
And in the visitation of the winds
Who take the ruffian billowes by
Curling their monstrous heads, an
VVith deaffing clamour in the fl
That with the hurly death it selfe a
Canst thou, ô partiall sleepe, giue
To the wet season in an howre fo
And in the calmest, and most stil
VVith al appliances and meanes
Deny it to a King? then (happy)
Vnease lies the head that weares

*Enter Warwike, Sur
Blun*

War. Many good morrowes t

King Is it good morrow lord

War. Tis one a clocke, and p

King VVhy then good mor
Haue you read ore the letter tha

War. VVe haue my liege.

King Then you perceiue the
How foule it is, what rancke dise
And with what danger neare th

War. It is but as a body yet
VVhich to his former strength
VVith good aduise and little m